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A TALE OF VILLAGE LIFE.

THE village of Daldaff lay in a nook of the hills, in one of the most rural districts of Scotland. Far from any of the great thoroughfares, or any of the large manufacturing towns, it continued, down even to the beginning of the present century, to be one of the most entire specimens in existence of all that a Scotch village used to be. Its situation was a deep hollow, upon the banks of a mountain stream; and it looked from some points of view as if a parcel of children's toy-houses had been shaken promiscuously in a bowl, and suddenly fixed in the way they happened to arrange themselves at the bottom. It was all a confused mixture of grey old walls and brown thatch, with green gardens, and arbours, and mountain ash trees. When you looked down from any of the surrounding heights, you wondered how communication was carried on amongst neighbours, or how strangers found an entrance into the village; for you saw no trace of streets, paths, or ways. It was only when you descended into the place that you saw here and there a narrow road threading its way among the houses, somewhat after the manner of the puzzle called the walls of Troy. Most of the little dwellings had a long stripe of garden, running from behind them up the hill; other houses had their sides or backs placed close against the bank, so that you might have walked off the ground upon their roofs without perceiving it—while the gardens spread downwards before them, like aprons. These gardens bore large beds of resplendent cabbages, with gooseberry bushes between; and always in some sunny and sheltered place there were a few bee-hives, the tops of which were kept warm either with a crown of straw or a mantle of turf. At morning hour you would have seen the honest weavers, who peopled most of the houses, busying themselves in delving and dibbling in these little patches of ground. During the long day, perhaps nothing of life was to be seen about them, except the circumspect and decent hen walking up the avenue with her chirping brood, or the cock flapping his wings, from the top of the wall, and crowing a defiance to some distant foe of his own kind; or the bees, as they one by one made themselves visible out of the universal sunniness, in the immediate shadow of the hive. At night, however, the weaver would be seen walking forth with his pipe in his mouth, his Kilmarnock cowl brushed back from his forehead, and his clothes loose at the knees, to observe the growth of the berries, or pull a bunch of lily-oak for his children, who came prattling behind him; or to hold converse through the evening stillness with a neighbour, perhaps four gardens off, respecting the last proceedings of "that dreadful fellow, Bonyparty." When standing in the centre of the village, you might have almost been persuaded that there was no other place in the world. The rim of the horizon was within two hundred yards of the eye all round, and nothing besides was to be seen but the contracted sky. On the top of the bank, in one direction, stood the church, with its little docked steeple, and its body-guard of old trees. In another direction there was a peep of the turrets of an old half-ruined mansion-house, which had not been occupied for many years, except by the spirit of a murdered man, which was understood to occupy a particular room, and always went by the horribly descriptive name of *Spotty*. Beyond the edge of the surrounding banks the country swept downwards in extensive flats, generally sterile, but here and there showing fine spots of pastoral green. Over these downs, groups of children would sometimes be seen rambling hand in hand, on those adventurous journeys of half a mile from home, which children are so fond of taking; sometimes talking to each other of the novelties of the created world, which were every now and then striking their eyes and their imaginations; at other times pondering in silent and insipid abstraction on the beauty of the gowans which grew by their sides, and in the bosoms of which,

as they gazed into them, they saw, reflected as in a mirror, their own fairness and innocence. There, also, while the wind even of summer carried its chill, the little neat-herd boy would be seen sitting on the leeward side of the green knoll, with his sister by his side, and a plaid drawn all around them, their arms laced round each other's necks, and their cheeks laid close together, as both read from the same tattered story book, or partook of the same pease-bread and milk, which served as their afternoon meal. Within the village all was primeval simplicity. The houses already mentioned were arranged without the least regard to each other's convenience—some back to back, some shoulder to shoulder, but as generally front to back, and shoulder to front. The white manse sat half-way up the bank, overlooking the whole, like an idol presiding over a crowded group of worshippers. On what might be considered the principal thoroughfare in the village, stood the inn, a house distinguished from all the rest by its being two storeys in height, not to speak of the still more remarkable distinction of a hanging sign, on which was painted something dark and grim, meant for a black bull, besides the frequent apparition of a carrier's cart resting with its beams high and rampant into the air. Another house, rather better than the rest, was occupied by "a merchant," a man originally a haberdashery pedlar, but who, having here at last set up his ellwand of rest, dealt not only in women's attire, but a thousand things else besides, as if he had been

"Not one, but all *shopkeepers'* epitome."

Then there was the modest tenement of Luckie Smytrie, with its window of four panes, showing to the passing traveller two biscuits on edge, and as many dark green bottles filled with comfits; while within, if you had chosen to enter, you would have found at one end of the room in which the decent woman lived, a large cupboard and a small table forming her mercantile establishment for the sale of all kinds of small wares. Were you to lounge a little in this humble retreat of commerce, you might see children coming in every now and then asking for such things as an ounce of soap, a quarter of an ounce of tea, a halfpenny worth of whip cord, or, perhaps (what would astonish you most of all), change of a penny—i. e. two half-pence. Luckie Smytrie was a woman who had experienced great trials in early life, had had husbands killed by accidents, sons enlisted for soldiers and slain in battle, and daughters that died in the morn and liquid dew of youth, innumerable. Her shop was therefore patronised by all the villagers, to the prejudice in some articles of the more ambitious establishment of the retired packman; but yet the old woman, like all shopkeepers who have little rivalry, was as much offended at losing any partial or occasional custom in favour of that individual, as if she had had a far stronger and more prescriptive right to the business of the place. For instance, you might see a boy come in with a small cotton handkerchief in his hand, and say that his mother had sent him for a halfpenny worth of thread, matching with that piece of attire, which she wished to hem. To which Mrs Smytrie would respond, in a cool voice, but intended to convey the most cutting sarcasm, "gang back, hiny, and tell your mother that it would be far better to get her thread where she got her napkin." Or, perhaps, it was an order for bread on a Sunday evening, from some one who had had an unexpected crowd of visitors at tea. The request was then put in the following terms—"Mrs Smytrie [on other occasions it was plain Tabbie], my mother has her compliments t'ye, and she wad be muckle obleged for twa tippeny bricks (loaves), as there's some folk come upon her to their four-hours that she didna expeck." To which Mrs Smytrie would answer, in the same cruelly tranquil voice—"Tell your mother, my woman, that she had better get her bread on the Sabbath night where she gets 't on the Saturday 't'en,' well knowing all the while that the shop referred to was not open, and that there was no other besides her own in the whole village, or within ten miles round. Perhaps a

child would come in for a halfpenny worth of paper, namely, writing paper; but Mrs Smytrie, mistaking the word, would set about the elaborate ceremony of weighing out what she supposed the required quantity of paper. The boy would look on, not knowing what to think of it, till at last he was roused from his reverie by having a neat little conical parcel, with a twist at the point, presented to him instead of the roll of paper which he had expected. He would then murmur out with a ludicrous mixture of stupidity and terror—"It was paper I was wanting;" at which the old widow would break out with the anticipated torrent of invective, "Hech! dyed thing, could ye no speak plainer? What for did ye let me be makin' up the paper for ye, and no tell me it was paper! Niff-naffin!" There was hardly any other house in the village in the least distinguished from its fellows. The most of them were occupied by a race of decent weavers—for this, indeed, was the staple employment in Daldaff. Through almost every lattice you heard the constant sound of the shuttle and lay, mixed with the voices of the honest operatives, as they sung at their work. In a preceding age, the village contained only three or four of this class of men, who employed themselves in weaving the homely woollen cloth and sheeting which were then used by the country people, being formed out of materials supplied immediately by themselves. But these kinds of manufacture had, in a great measure, given way in favour of the lighter fabrics of Glasgow. Cottons were now supplied from that immense mart, to be woven into showy webs, and, as the trade offered far superior remuneration to what had ever been known in the village, not only the old serge-weavers had changed the one employment for the other, but a vast flock of their sons and connections, and many of the country people around, had rushed into it, so that the primitive little village of Daldaff became neither more nor less than a kind of colony or dependency of the great western capital.

This revolution was at first productive of a great increase of comfort in the village, without materially altering the primeval virtues of its inhabitants. Old men began to lay by blue bonnets in favour of hats. A few old hereditary black coats, which had been worn from youth to age, were at last rescued from the twilight of a Sabbath fame, and consigned ungrudgingly to a general use throughout the week. Young men began to abandon hoddin grey for Galashiels blue; young women got straw bonnets to cover locks heretofore exposed in cockermonnies, and there were two if not three green gauze veils in the village. In respect of domestic economy, almost every housewife had the pot on three times a-week, so that third day's kail was beginning to be a thing almost unknown. Tea was also intruding its outlandish face into scenes where bread and milk was erst only luxury. Some of the husbands held long out against it, but at length they almost all sneaked into a liking for it, and no more thought of wanting it at the end of their day's work, than they thought of wanting their halesome porridge at the beginning. It was sometimes lamented by the excellent old minister, that family worship was a usage not favoured by this change of circumstances; but still, both at nine in the morning, and about the same hour in the evening, you might have heard, in passing some of the houses, either the rude and tremendous psalmody raised by the father of the household, or the low and earnest prayer which he was pouring forth, with his knees and those of all his family resting upon his clay floor. Then all the good old sports were kept up. The boys, instead of being confined, like those of larger manufacturing towns, in unhealthy cotton mills, were permitted at all hours, except those during which they were engaged at school, to play at the golf and shinty, or at bows and arrows, upon the common haugh by the burn side, or else to roam farther a-field in search of birds' nests, or to harry the crows in the woods. On the same haugh, in the summer evenings, after work was done, the young men would be seen "putting the stane," or playing at "the pennystanes" (quoits), or perhaps an

ing themselves with the more energetic game of football, while their cowed fathers would walk forth to sympathize in and judge of their feats, and enjoy a hearty unmeasured laugh at every uncharming "mischanter" which might befall them. Thither also would repair the trig short-gowned lass, just newly "reed up," as she would style it, her curls shining in their recent release from paper, over a face to which a good washing had lent a richer glow, and her *tout-ensemble* in every respect greatly improved—as female figures, somehow or other, always are—by being seen in the declining light of the golden eve. There, while the young of the different sexes interchanged their joke and their jibe, and the old raised the still heartier laugh at every feat in the game, and children shouted and dogs barked from the mere contagion of joy, while, moreover, the sun sent his last rich rays through the trees above the village, whence the

"—— sweet mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note.

Made music that sweetened the calm;" there a stranger might have supposed that happiness had found her last abode on earth, ere for ever winging her flight to her native skies.

Many villages in Scotland enjoy a humble local fame for some particular custom or sport, which is understood to reign there in supremacy over all others. If Daldaff was celebrated for any form of fun more than another, it was for curling—a sport peculiar to Scotland, and which may be best described to southern readers by the simple statement, that it employs large smooth stones upon the ice, much after the manner of bowls upon a bowling-green. The game can only be practised after a very hard frost, as it requires the strongest ice to bear the numbers who usually assemble either to play or look on. Curling is a game relished so keenly in Scotland, that, like other common appetites, it levels all distinctions of station and rank. In a rural and thinly peopled district like that around Daldaff, the laird might be seen mingling with not only his farmers, but his cottagers, interchanging the broad jest at his own failures, and giving applause wherever it was due. The minister might also be seen driving his stone with as much anxiety of eye as any one, and occasionally, perhaps, envying the good fortune of an unlettered peasant, whom, on another occasion, he would have to chide for his backwardness in the Single Catechism. Daldaff was fortunately situated for this game, as, less than a mile below the village, the mountain stream spread out into a little lake sufficient to have afforded room for half a dozen "rinks." There one Saturday afternoon the people of Daldaff had a *bonspiel*, or grand contest with the inhabitants of the adjacent parish of Sarkinholm, who had long disputed with them the palm of superiority. A *bonspiel* is not appointed to take place every day; neither is Saturday like any other day of the week. Hence, although an unfortunate thaw was just commencing, the disputants resolved to have out their game, trusting that the ice would at least last long enough to do their turn. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the ice, the *bonspiel* passed off with great eclat. Nearly all Daldaff and Sarkinholm were collected to witness the sport; and the *certaminis gaudia*, or joys of the combat, were felt perhaps as keenly in the hearts of the women and children of these respective places, as in those of the curlers themselves. Before the game was done, the men were standing inch deep in water, and the stones, as they came up to the rink, sent the spray high into the air before them, like shavings from a joiner's plane. The short day of January was also drawing very near to a close, and a deep dark cloud had settled down upon the mountains to the west, betokening a thorough change in the weather. At length victory declared itself in favour of Daldaff, and the parties "quarreled roaring play," to betake themselves to their respective homes. All in a short time had left the place, except a small band of boys and girls, who continued to enjoy a pair of slides on a somewhat higher and drier part of the ice.

The rivulet connected with this little lake was one of those which, rising in a large basin of hilly country, are liable to be swelled occasionally in a very short space of time, so that, though at one hour they may scarcely show a rill among the channel-stones, they are the next raging like a large and impetuous river. On the present occasion, being fed by the cloud just spoken of, it came down in one of its most awful forms, and in one instant broke up the ice upon the peaceful lake with a noise like thunder. The children who had been sliding thought they scarcely had a moment of warning, escaped from the ice—all except one, Susan Hamilton, the daughter of the leading manufacturer in the village. She had been the last to approach a gulf which had been leaped by all the rest, and, her heart failing her at the moment, she was immediately carried off from the land upon a large board of ice. What had lately been the solid surface of the lake was now gathered in a large glacier of peaty fragments at the bottom, while all around the water was extending far beyond its usual limits. Susan Hamilton was soon drifted down to this mass of ice, where, from the top of a lofty pinnacle, she cried loudly for help, which, however, was every moment becoming more difficult to be rendered. The most of her companions had fled in childish terror to the village; but as the danger was instant, there seemed little chance of rescue from that quarter. Fortunately a young man who had accompanied some friends to Sarkinholm happened to be returning to Daldaff, and hearing cries of distress, rushed up to the spot. Though the twilight was now deepening, he perceived the situation of the child, and being perfectly acquainted with the ground, he immediately resolved upon a plan of rescue. A large board of ice happened to be lying in a creek near the place where he stood. Upon this he fearlessly embarked, and, guiding it by means of his curling brush, he soon reached the iceberg to which Susan Hamilton was clinging. Having prevailed upon her to leap down into his arms, he placed her carefully on board his ice raft, and then steered back towards the shore, where, by this time,

a few of the villagers, including the child's father, were collected. He was so fortunate as to return in safety, and had the satisfaction—which Bishop Burnet considered to be the greatest on earth—of rendering a man truly happy. The joy of the father was speechless; but the other villagers raised a shout of admiration in honour of his heroic conduct. Now was the general feeling abated when, immediately after he had regained the shore, the vast glacier, loosed from its confinement at the bottom of the lake, was precipitated down the channel of the stream, where it tumbled and dashed along with the resistless force of rocks thrown down a hill-side, and the noise of a hurricane in a forest. It was seen that if he had hesitated but for a minute to adventure upon his perilous task, the child must have perished, almost before her father's eyes.

James Hamilton, who had this evening experienced the opposites of extreme agony and extreme happiness, was only a mere long-headed specimen of the weavers of Daldaff. Having saved a little money, and acquired a reputation for prudence and honesty, he had been able, when the Glasgow work was first introduced into the village, to get himself appointed by a manufacturing house in that city as agent for supplying employment to his brethren; and as he not only enjoyed a commission upon the labours of his neighbours, but also kept a number of looms going upon his own account, he might be considered the most prosperous man in the village. He had been married for many years, but was blessed with only one child, the fair young girl who was rescued from death in the manner above described. He was one of those individuals, who, though entitled to praise for their correct dealings and sagacious conduct in life, are yet apt to excite dislike by their contenting themselves too exclusively with those properties, and not showing enough of the amenity and friendliness of disposition, by which alone society at large is rendered agreeable. You could always make sure that James Hamilton would do you no wrong, but you were also impressed with the certainty that neither would he do you any good; and if it be possible that there can be an excess of circumspection and prudence, he erred in that excess. Rarely giving way to feeling himself, he could hardly believe that it existed in others, or, if he did acknowledge its existence, he despised it as only the symptom of an unworthy character. Even on seeing a single and beloved child rescued from destruction, though he could not repress the first gush of grateful and joyful emotion, he almost immediately after relapsed into his usual coldness, and seemed to chide himself for having been betrayed into that excitement.

Adam Cuthbertson, who had done for him almost the greatest service that one man can do to another, was the son of a poor widow in Sarkinholm, and now resided with a relation at Daldaff, under whom he was acquiring the universal craft of the district. Though graced with only a very limited education, and condemned to almost unceasing toil, Adam was a youth of some spirit and ingenuity. An old *black book* of Scotch songs lay constantly on the beam at his left hand, and the rush of the shuttle and the dunt of the lay went in unison with as clear a pipe as ever lifted up the notes of our national minstrelsy. It was even whispered that Adam had himself composed a few songs, or there were at least certain ditties which the lasses of Daldaff might occasionally be heard singing at their washings on the haugh, and which were privately attributed to his pen—though, it is to be remarked, his modesty would never permit him to confess the soft impeachment. Adam also contrived to obtain some scientific books, which he pore over at night by his uncle's fireside, or, in summer, beneath a little bower which he had constructed in the garden. He was thought to be less steady at his work than some duller lads, and the ease was not mended by a particular improvement which he had carried into effect upon the machinery of his loom. Although he practically demonstrated that he could work more with the same trouble by means of this alteration, the old workmen only shook their heads at it, and wished he might work as much with it in the long run. It happened one day that, as he was *dressing* his web with the brushes, he lost his balance by mere accident, and fell head foremost through the white expanse before him, producing, of course, irreparable ruin. "Ay, ay," remarked some of the old stagers, "I never thought ony gude would come o' thae improvements. Wha ever heard o' any *ordinar* workman playing sic a plisky?" Others, less disposed to observe the strict doctrines of causation, would ask what else could be expected of "that new-fangled way o' working the hiddies." The very minister, honest man, was heard to hazard a quiet witicism on the subject, not from any ill will towards his young parishioner, but just because the joke could hardly be avoided: "I was aye jalousing," said the worthy divine one day to his elder, James Hamilton, "that Yedie wad'nt some day or other fa' through his work." It is to be mentioned with regret that Hamilton, notwithstanding his obligations to the young man, was one of those who regarded his frank spirited character and forward genius with least favour. This did not appear to be solely the result of the opposition of their characters. Hamilton, who, in any circumstances, would have been sure to disapprove of the qualities manifested by Adam Cuthbertson, appeared almost to have contracted an additional dislike for him, on account of the very obligation which ought to have made him his friend. He seemed to dread the claims which the rescue of his child might establish, and acted as if he thought it necessary to give as little encouragement to those claims as possible.

There was however, one individual who did full jus-

tice both to the superior character and the gallant achievement of Cuthbertson. This was Susan Hamilton, the fair young girl whom he had saved. Susan, at the time of her rescue, was too young to regard her deliverer with any other feeling than that of grateful respect. But as she advanced towards womanhood, the childish feeling of awe with which she had always beheld him when they chance to meet, became gradually exchanged for a sentiment of a softer and tenderer character, though not less bashful and abashed. Adam's feelings towards her experienced a similar change. Ever after the day when he saved her life, he had taken rather more interest in that fair head and those sweet blue eyes, than in the features of any other child of the same age whom he saw tripping to school. But this feeling was merely one of circumstances. It solely referred to the adventure by which he had been so happy as to restore her to the arms of her father. Susan, however, in a very few years, ceased to be a little girl tripping to school. Her figure became considerably taller, and more attractive. Her blue eyes became filled with deeper and more thoughtful meanings. Her cheek, when she approached her deliverer, assumed a richer hue; and the voice, when it addressed him, surprised him with new tones. Sometimes he would hardly permit himself to think that she was in the least different from what she had been. He would still speak to her as a man addressing a child. But after they had parted, he would feel his soul troubled with a delight he had never before experienced. He would *feel*, though he did not *think*, that she was different. Need any more be said than that he in time found himself at once loving and beloved?

The sun never set with a richer glow, nor did the flowers ever give out a richer perfume, than on the evening when in the woods of Craigross, Adam Cuthbertson and Susan Hamilton first confessed their mutual attachment.

But fate was adverse to the passion of these amiable beings. James Hamilton, with all his homely wisdom, had so far given way to a wretched ambition as to wish his daughter to match in a sphere above his own rank. Laird Ganderson, of Windigate, had marked out Susan at church as a very proper person to undertake the management of his household, an office just become vacant in consequence of the death of his mother. Being arrived at the full and perfect age of forty-seven years, the beauty of the young lady was perhaps of a smaller consideration with the laird, than the contiguity of a few fields lately purchased by her father, to his somewhat dilapidated property. He therefore made some overtures to James Hamilton, which that individual listened to in a manner far from unfavourable. It was soon made up between them that Susan was to become Mrs. Ganderson; all that remained to be done was to gain the approbation of the young woman herself towards the scheme. Susan, who, in addition to many better qualities, possessed a gift of rustic humour, endeavoured to convey her sentiments to the laird in a delicate way, by one evening frying him a dish of sliced pats instead of Scotch collops; but the laird took it all as a good joke, and said he only liked her the better for her waggery. In fact, being anxious to have her only on the ordinary principles of mercantile speculation, he was not to be turned aside by any nice delicacy, any more than he would have been prevented from buying a horse at a fair by the animal showing a reluctance to part with its former proprietor. On the other hand, Cuthbertson felt in a manner entirely different. A taunt which he had received one night from the father, respecting the narrowness of his circumstances and prospects, determined him to quit Daldaff in search of fortune, taking no care but first to interchange with Susan a vow of eternal fidelity.

For one full year Susan was enabled to parry the addresses of the laird and the entreaties of her father. The former spent a great part of every day at James Hamilton's, where he smoked incessantly, or, if he ceased at all, it was only to ask for liquor, or to utter a ribald jest. By this familiarity he only rendered himself the more intolerable to Susan. But it had a different effect upon the father. The laird became so thoroughly ingratiated with that individual, that there was no exertion of friendship which Hamilton would not make in his behalf. In fact, in order to secure to his daughter the eclat of being lady of Windigate, he was understood to have compromised all that he was worth in the world in securities for the behoof of his future son-in-law, whose fortune was suspected to be in no very flourishing condition. The unfortunate weaver exemplified a very common failing in the most sagacious characters, namely, a disposition, after a whole life-time of prudence, to give way to some notably ridiculous error, which is rendered unalarming to them from its being totally different in character and tendency from any that they have been accustomed to avoid.

At length came evil days. Owing to some turn of affairs in the progress of the war, cotton-weaving experienced a severe shock, by which many of the best Glasgow houses were materially damaged, and thousands of operatives throughout the country were thrown out of work. The very respectable establishment for which Hamilton had long acted as agent lingered for a time in existence, and was able occasionally to send small scantlings of work, hardly enough to employ a tenth part of the population of the

village. When the carrier was expected to come with these small supplies, numbers of poor men, attended by their wives and children, all of whom were alike unemployed, would go out for miles to meet the eagerly expected vehicle, to learn how much work was brought, and what prospect there was of more. On the small bags being opened by Hamilton, and perhaps only three webs being displayed, the grief of the poor people was beyond all description. The married men would then, by Hamilton's directions, draw lots for those precious morsels of employment. While this process went forward, what eager breathless hope in the faces of both men and women, tempered at the same time, by a religious sense of the misery which each man knew that his own success would inflict upon some equally deserving neighbours! What despair was depicted in each honest homely face, as it turned from the fatal lottery, upon the unhappy family group, which, more eagerly than himself, had watched the result of his throw! With what joy, mingled with sad sympathies for the rest, would the successful man bear home his load, though he knew that the price of his labour would hardly be sufficient to supply the food necessary to support him, even though he were to work sixteen hours a day! At length, towards winter, even these wretchedly insufficient supplies were stopped. Hamilton's employers, after every effort to keep themselves afloat, were obliged to give way also; and, consequently, the Daldaff agency became at once a dead letter. People talk of the exemption of the present generation from disasters by fire and sword, which so frequently befel their ancestors; but what calamity was ever inflicted upon the poor, even in the most lawless days of past history, equal to the desolation which is now so often occasioned in a large district, by a total cessation of the staple employment? The cots which gave shelter to our ancestors were rebuilt in three days, after even the most savage invasion; the herds which had been gathered off to some place of security were restored to their indestructible pastures. The calamity, if unaccompanied by severe loss of life, must have been only, in general, an exciting adventure. But what retreat, what consolation is there for the hordes of poor artizans, who, by some commercial accident, arising, perhaps, from the imprudence of a few merchants, or some political or warlike movement, are deprived of the customary weekly pittance? It may be relied on, that such disasters exceed in measure of sorrow almost any kind of historical distress, except those of plague or famine. No other accident but these last ever introduced such coldness to the poor man's hearth, such despair to his heart, or made him regret with so bitter a pang that he had others to care for besides himself.

Amidst the public calamity, one of a most grievous nature overtook the father of our heroine. The affairs of the laird, which had long been desperately out of order, and for some time were only sustained by the aid of his intended father-in-law, came to a complete standstill; and, the whole wealth of James Hamilton being engaged in securities, he was at once reduced to the condition in which he had entered life. The stroke at first seemed likely to be fatal. Thus to lose the whole earnings of a laborious life—to forfeit, at the eleventh hour, by one miserable piece of imprudence, all the honours of the wisely spent day, was more, almost, than he could bear. He had, however, two comforters in his affliction—the worthy old minister, who, in these calamitous times, had been a succouring angel to his flock—and his daughter, an angel of a still more gracious kind, who, forgetting all the severities with which she had been treated, and thinking only of his present affliction, applied herself to the sacred task of soothing his wounded mind, and inspiring him with hopes of better times. The change of his circumstances produced a complete change in the mind of Hamilton. Having no longer wealth to care for, the jealous centaurs with which he had guarded it were withdrawn. The crust of worldly selfishness was broken off his character, and all its better affections were again called into free play. His eyes were now opened to the wickedness of which he had been guilty in endeavouring to force the affections of his daughter, and he only wished that he were again as he had been a twelve-month before, in order to make her happy with the man of her heart.

Weeks of partial famine passed on, and now the distresses of the villagers were suddenly doubled by the premature commencement of a very severe winter. With the exception of their small patches of potatoes and garden vegetables, there seemed hardly any resource for them during the whole winter. The minister, whose own income was exhausted in providing for their wants, thought it necessary, under these distressing circumstances, to call them all together, and join them in one solemn exercise of humiliation appropriate to the occasion. Just as this was concluded, a boy belonging to an inn about ten miles distant upon the Glasgow road, arrived, after a toilsome journey through the snow, and gave the joyful news that a cart filled with webs was storm-stayed at his master's house, on its way to the village, the trade having suddenly experienced a slight revival. Transported with this intelligence, though no one could guess by whom the work could have been sent, they one and all resolved to proceed to Rederaigs, where the cart was lying, and aid in clearing a way for it through the snow. Every spade and semblance of a

spade was then put in requisition, and the half of the bannocks in the village were brought forward, without the least regard to individual property, to provision the troop of pioneers. Thirty men set out early next morning on this expedition, graced with the blessings and prayers of all who saw them depart.

The snow, it was found, had only fallen to the depth of three feet; but it was drifted in many hollow parts of the road to six times that depth, so as to present an insurmountable obstacle to the progress of a cart. At all those places the weavers exerted themselves as they advanced to clear away the gelid heaps. The toil was most severe; but what these poor starved men wanted in strength, they made up by zeal—that zeal, above all others, which is inspired by the wish of answering the clamour of a hungry family circle with the necessary bite. The thought that work was before them, that money would again be procured, and, for that money, food to supply "the bairns at home," nerved every arm with superhuman energy; and as the country people everywhere lent a willing, though less enthusiastic assistance, the party had before mid-day cleared their way to Rederaigs. What was their surprise on being met there by their friend Adam Cuthbertson, of whom they had not heard ever since he left Daldaff, and who now informed them, with ineffable pleasure beaming in his eyes, that he had been the happy means of procuring them this supply of work. He had entered, he said, into the service of a manufacturer at Glasgow, and having divulged to him a plan of improving the loom, had been advanced to a very onerous place of trust in the factory. His employer having weathered on till the present revival of trade, he had used the little influence he had to get his old master, of whose misfortunes he had heard, appointed to an agency, and was favoured with one of the very first parcels of work that was to be had, which he was now conveying to the relief of his old friends at Daldaff. "Let us on now, my friends," cried Adam; "and, before night is far spent, we shall be able to tell the women and the bairns that the bad times are now blown by, and that every one will get his porridge and his broth as he used to do." The cavalcade then set forward, the cart drawn by three horses in line, and every man more ready than another, either to clear away the drifted heap that lay before it, or to urge it with his desperate shoulder over every such impediment that might happen to be left. Though the way was long, and the labour severe, and the strength of the poor weavers not very great, yet every eye and voice maintained its cheerfulness, and the song, the jest, and the merry tale, were kept up to the very last. The wintry sun had just set upon the snowy hills ere the procession came within sight of Daldaff; yet all the women and children were collected at the Loanbraehead, near the village, to see it approach; and when the cart was first discerned turning a neighbouring height, with its large attendant train, a shout of natural joy arose through the clear air, such as might burst from those who gaze from the shore upon a wreck, and see the crew, one by one, make their escape from destruction. James Hamilton was there, though much reduced by a recent illness; and the joy which seized him on being informed by the workmen of his appointment, was almost too much for his frame. He looked in vain, however, for Cuthbertson, to pour before him the thanks of a repentant spirit. That excellent young man had eluded the observation of all, and diving through some of the lanes of the village, had taken refuge in the house of his uncle. He found that much as he had longed to see gladness once more restored to these poor villagers, he could not endure the scene at last. He had therefore escaped from their gratitude; and it was not till Hamilton sought him in his old lodgings that he was at length discovered. The old man took him warmly by the hand, which he did not quit, till leading him to his own house, he deposited it in that of his fair daughter. "Susan Hamilton," said he, "twice have you been saved by this good youth; you are now fairly his own property—you are no longer mine. May you both be happy!"

SCOTTISH LAKES.

SCOTLAND has been called "the land of mountain and flood," of wild blooming heather, and of the tangled wilderness of hill and dale, formed in all the prodigality of rude natural beauty. But Scotland is something more; it is the land of lakes; expanses of water lying amidst the mountainous country, and stretching away in every variety of fantastic size and figure. The Scottish lakes, or rather *lochs*, for they do not associate in sentiment with the English definition, are truly a striking feature of this our northern land, not hitherto brought very prominently forward.

It is quite impossible to say how many *lochs* Scotland possesses. I believe they never were counted, nor ever will, for in some places the land seems crowded with them, while in other places the water seems equally crowded with islands. It is an universal struggle for supremacy betwixt water and earth. At the head of the list, we have that most splendid expanse of water, *Loch Lomond*. How refreshing it is to alight from the coach which has brought us from Dumbarton, and be placed on the lovely margin of this most lovely of Scottish lakes! See how it stretches away towards the north, amidst huge mountain scenery, and see, especially on the east side, how it is overhung by the lofty Ben Lomond, towering to the clouds, and whose shadow is

cast gloomily a-bwart its centre towards the Dumbartonshire hills on the opposite side. Viewing it from a favourite point on the rising ground north from Luss, the whole breadth of the lake is spanned by the eye, including

"All the fairy crowds
Of islands which together lie,
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds."

How interesting is the appearance of these islands, all of different forms and magnitudes! Some are covered with the most luxuriant wood of every different tint; others shew a beautiful intermixture of rock and copse; some, like plains of emerald, scarcely above the level of the water, are covered with a rich mantle of verdant grass; and others again are bare rocks, rising into precipices, and destitute of vegetation.

These islands are not without their moral interest. What traditional stories could be told of the events they have witnessed through a dark period of Scotland's history! There lies Inch Loaning, the most northerly of the group, like a dark speck on the waters, celebrated for its yew trees, which afforded ready and valuable material for the bow and spear, when war was the game in the low country. There, near the southern extremity on the east side, lies Inch Caillach, "the isle of old women," measuring about a mile in length, and covered with trees. There, on the opposite quarter, lies the small isle, Inch Galbraith, famous for having once been a seat of the chiefs of Galbraith. But what needs it to reckon up these interesting islets? They must be seen to be appreciated.

Turning to the south, the prospect is bounded by the distant hills which intervene between *Loch Lomond* and the *Clyde*, and which here appear, in comparison with the mountains around, to be only gentle swells. The *Leven*, its vale, the rock of *Dumbarton*, and even the surface of the *Clyde*, are in the same direction conspicuous. Towards the east, the vale of the *Endrick*, its principal seats, the obelisk erected to *Buchanan* at *Killearn*, and the *Lennox* hills, are also distinctly visible. In comparison with the magnificent view up the lake, that to the south or east is less grand, but more soft, and fully as pleasing. The prospect below is not less worthy of notice. *Luss*, a delightful little village, with its church, stand on a peninsula between the small river *Luss* and the lake on its western margin. This pleasing hamlet is much resorted to in summer, on account of its being a convenient station for a tourist who wishes to spend a few days in search of the picturesque.

The character of the scenery has been thus described by the critical *Macculloch*:—*Loch Lomond* (says he) is unquestionably the pride of our lakes, incomparable in its beauty as in its dimensions (measuring twenty-three miles in length, and five in breadth, where widest), exceeding all others in variety, as it does in extent and splendour, and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands. Everywhere it is in some way picturesque; and everywhere it offers landscapes, not merely to the cursory spectator, but to the painter. It presents numerically more pictures than all the lakes of the Highlands united. But it possesses, moreover, a style of landscapes to which Scotland produces no resemblance whatever. This is found in the varied and numerous islands that cover its noble expanse, forming the feature which, above all others, distinguishes *Loch Lomond*, and which, even had it no other attractions, would render it, what it is in every respect, the paragon of Scottish lakes."

The lake which is esteemed second in the list of Scottish lakes, and some, I believe, even contest for its superiority to *Loch Lomond*, is *Loch Katrine*. This lake, which lies but a few miles east from the north end of *Loch Lomond*, amidst the Highland hills of *Monteith* in *Pertshire*, is much smaller than that just mentioned, being about nine miles from east to west, with a breadth nowhere so much as a mile. The beauties of *Loch Katrine* are peculiar to itself. It is a splendid little gem, set in a piece of richly wooded mountain scenery, and possessing those sinuous lines of beauty which enhance the charm of its appearance. *Loch Katrine* dazzles by the style and multiplicity of its ornaments. The banks consist of slopes descending from the neighbouring mountains, the most of which are covered with beautiful natural woods, and supply innumerable picturesque points of view to the tourist. Near the east end of the lake is a beautiful little island, which has evidently supplied the poet with the imaginary residence of his fair *Naisid of the Lake*. Formerly, the extraordinary beauty of this Highland paradise lay

entirely concealed and unknown; but since the publication of the "Lady of the Lake," of which it is the scene, it has become a favourite object with tourists, and is daily visited by multitudes during the summer and autumn. Connected with the east end of the lake, we have two minor lakes, *Loch Achray* and *Loch Vennachar*. The scenery along the banks of these is a range of fine sylvan territory, enhanced by the rough and Alpine character of the country. The lavish style of beauty of these interesting lakes and their mountain boundaries is well contrasted with the rude grandeur of the *Trossachs*, a wild, rocky, and dreary ravine, through which the traveller must pass in visiting them.

Turn we now to the West Highlands—what a scene of lakes lies before us! But which of them all can compare to *Loch Awe*—the lovely *Loch Awe*, spread out like a sheet of liquid silver, smooth as the polished mirror, studded with its sweet romantic islets, and their still more romantic castles, overhung by the mountains of *Argyleshire*, and placed under the guardianship of that lonely ruined castle of *Kilchurn* at its east end, a significant memorial of an age of strife, and not without its dark tales of blood and horror? What a feeling of romance steals upon the senses at the mention of the name of *Loch Awe*! Its name rouses in the name of the Gael of *Cowall* and *Lorn* the recollection of the melancholy notes of the pibroch floating on the breeze over the rip-

pling waters, and conveying the intelligence that the last mortal remains of a brother Celt were conveying across the lake to the little burying-ground in the Island of the Blessed. What a scene of Highland loneliness and Highland character all around! The hill sides, thickly garnished with the purple blooming heath, and the brown dusky glens leading to the innermost recesses of the country behind. The smoke from that little ashling or cottage situated aloft in the angle of the hills there to the left, is wafted downward by the light summer breeze. It is the genuine *reek* of the peat, and we may be assured we are now in the very heart of the Highlands.

There is an old phrase of the Campbells, "It is a far cry to Loch O;" so far, it would appear, that the place has been as little visited by modern tourists as by the lowland forces in bygone times. And yet how worthy of being visited and described in the glowing colours which it so well deserves! One of the charms of Loch Awe—for it has a number—lies in its pretty little islands, each of which is more or less celebrated in the history and songs of the district. Gentle reader, let us sit down on this rocky protuberance above the lake; the sun has been shining brilliantly all day, and there is no fear of damp on the lichens and moss; the air also is warm, and while the sun is yet above the mountains, and throws his slanting beams on the lake, its islands, and their ruined turrets, we may perhaps call up some of the legendary lore connected with these placid waters.

You see two islands lying near each other, and the principal in the lake. Now, each of these could afford matter for a lengthened history. The name of one of them is Inishail, or "the beautiful island." Many ages ago this little spot of earth was the appropriate seat of a convent of Cistercian nuns, venerable from the sanctity of their lives, and the innocent purity of their manners. In the midst of peaceful quietude they were at length overtaken by the religious broils at the middle of the sixteenth century, when the innocent were involved with the guilty in the sufferings of the times, their house was suppressed, and the temporalities given to Hay, abbot of Inchaffray, who abjured his tenets, and, more than likely, for the sake of waifs of church property like the present, embraced the cause of the reformers. After this disruption of the domicile of the nuns, who found refuge amidst their kindred and the compassionate, their chapel served as a place of parochial public worship till 1736; but a more commodious building having been erected on the south side of the lake, it has since been entirely forsaken, and a small part of the ruin is now all that is visible. But that veneration which renders sacred to the Highlander the tomb of his ancestors, has yet preserved to the burying-ground its ancient sanctity. It is still used as a place of interment by the people of this part of Argyleshire, and is approached by boats, whose dismal funeral procession, with the accompanying wail of the bagpipe, is sufficiently productive of melancholy feelings.

The neighbouring isle is designated, in the vernacular of the Gael, Frao Elan, or "The Isle of Heather;" and it has been called, by a native poet, the *Hesperides* of the land of Argyle. On this beautiful island you see the gaunt remains of a castellated mansion, once the stronghold of the Macnaughtans, a powerful sept in the west. It is recorded by history and tradition, that the island was given by King Alexander III., in 1296, to Gilbert Macnaughtan, the chief of his clan, on condition that he should entertain the King of Scotland whenever he passed that way. And it is worth while to note, as a trait of Highland character, that the proprietor, in 1745, influenced, no doubt, as warmly by attachment to the house of Stuart as a desire to fulfil the expression of the charter, actually made private preparations for entertaining the Prince in the castle of Frao Elan, had he passed in this direction, after landing in Glenfinnan. On one end of this interesting islet the rock rises almost perpendicularly from the water, and the lower part of the shore is embowered in tangled shrubs and old writhing trees. Above, the broken wall and only remaining gable of the castle look out over the boughs; and on the south side a large ash tree grows from the foundation of what was once the hall, and overshadows the ruin with its branches. On the top of the remaining chimney of the ancient strength, a water eagle long took up its family residence; but even it is deserted by this winged monarch of the lakes and salt friths, and we only observe flights of waterfowl hovering over the island and its precincts.

The other islands in Loch Awe have likewise a connexion with the times when clanship was in its strength. In the middle of that group of little islands you see one on which there is likewise a ruined fortlet; that is Inish Connel, and its ruin was once the chief mansion of the lordly family of Argyle. Near it is Inish Erath, supposed to be the place where the traitor Erath beguiled Duars, as recounted in lofty strains in one of the songs of Selma, and in which there are also a burying-ground and the ruins of a chapel.

The interest attached to these islands is not more than that connected with the solitary ruins of Kilchurn Castle, which occupies a rocky promontory at the east end of the lake. This feudal strength was reared so early as 1440, by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, called the Black Knight of Rhodes, who at the time was engaged as a crusader, and was the ancestor of the Breadalbane family. The very waters of the lake are the object of superstitious tradition, for it will be recollected that they have furnished a theme of wild romance in one of the songs of Ossian. The circumstance is thus associated with the existence and death of a supernatural being, called by the country people *Calliach Bhere*, or "the old woman." She is represented as having been a kind of female genie, whose residence was amidst the heavy mists which rested on the summits of the most lofty mountains. It is told with awe that she could step with

ease, and in a moment, from one district to another; when offended, that she could cause the floods to descend from the mountains, and lay the whole of the low ground perpetually under water. Her race is described as having lived for an immemorial period near the summit of the vast mountain Cruchan, and to have possessed a multitude of herds at its foot. Calliach Bhere was the last of her line, and like that of her ancestors, her existence was blended with a fatal fountain, which lay in the side of her native mountain, and had been committed to the charge of her family since its first existence. It was their duty at evening to cover the well with a large flat stone, and at morning to remove it again. This ceremony was to be performed before the setting and rising of the sun, that his last beam might not die upon its bosom. If this care was neglected, a fearful and untold doom was denounced to be the punishment of the omission. When the father of Calliach Bhere died, he committed the office to his daughter, and declared to her, in a solemn charge, the duty, and the fatality of the sacred spring. For many years the solitary woman attended it without intermission; but on one unlucky evening, spent with the fatigues of the chase, she sat down to rest beside the fountain, and wait for the setting of the sun, and falling asleep, did not awake until next morning. When she awoke she looked abroad from the hill; the vale had vanished beneath her, and a wide and immeasurable sheet of water was all that met her sight. The neglected well had overflowed while she slept; the glen was changed into a lake; the hills into islets, and her people and her cattle had perished in the deluge. The Calliach took but one look over the ruin which she had caused; the spell which bound her existence was loosened with the waters, and she sank and expired beside the spring. From that day the waters remained upon the vale, and formed the lake which was afterwards called *Loch Awe*.

Such are the tales which used to be related by the Celtic inhabitants of this region, which abounds in legendary stories of the same description. These chroniclers of the origin of Loch Awe say nothing of the tributaries from whence its waters are partly supplied. One of these is a stream flowing from Loch Avich, a small lake in the vicinity, also possessing a certain romantic beauty in its scenery, and enriched in appearance by some beautiful little islands. On the northern margin of the lake are situated the ruins of a place of strength, receiving a name in Gaelic signifying "the Castle of the Red-Haired Maid." A considerable portion of this edifice is still extant, though of very remote antiquity. The origin of the name is singular, but accords with the barbarous usages of the desultory age in which it took place. According to tradition, the lord of the castle had a daughter of great beauty; she was of a fair complexion; and her hair consisting of flowing ringlets of a golden hue, she hence received the name of the Red-Haired Maiden of Loch Avich. Having once been rescued from a band of freebooters by a neighbouring chieftain, an attachment grew up between her and her deliverer, unknown to her father, with whom the chieftain was at feud. It seems she was to have been privately married to her gallant preserver, and her father being made aware of the arrangement by an insidious follower, he called her to the top of his castle just at the time she was to have eloped, and sacrificing every thing to his vengeful passion, threw her remorselessly from the battlements. Her lover, who waited for her below, beheld the dreadful catastrophe, and instantly rushed to her father, and stabbed him to the heart. The castle having been afterwards deserted, in time became ruinous; and from its tragical history, it received the name it still bears.

But in these garrulous legends we are forgetting our beautiful Scottish Lakes, many of which I have still to notice. Thus, we have Loch Maree, Loch Tay, and Loch Earn, of the large class, and fifty others of inferior size; and every one of them is not only worth describing, but worth visiting from even a distant part of the country.

HENDERSON'S SCOTTISH PROVERBS.

"ER letters were invented," says Mr Motherwell, in his introduction to a collection of Scottish Proverbs just published, in a small volume, by Mr Andrew Henderson of Glasgow, "wisdom was abroad in the world. Proverbs were the genius of moral and political science, and they not unfrequently constituted the compendious vehicles for the transmission of the dogmas of religion, and the first principles of philosophy, of arts, and sciences. In this shape, oral tradition preserved among primitive ages the knowledge of times still more remote; and what marble, and brass, and other devices of human invention, have allowed to perish, proverbs, floating upon the living voice, have perpetuated. Proverbs are, to the vulgar, not merely a sort of metaphysical language, but a kind of substitute for philosophical principles. A man whose mind has been enlarged by education, and who has a complete mastery over the riches of his native language, expresses his ideas in his own words, and, when he refers to any thing beyond the matter under his view, glances towards an abstract principle. A vulgar man, on the other hand, uses those proverbial forms which tradition and daily use have made habitual to him; and when he makes a remark which needs confirmation, he clenches it by a proverb. Thus both, though in a different way, illustrate the observation of Bacon, that 'the nature of man doth extremely covet to have something fixed and immovable, as a rest and support to the mind.'"

According with all that Mr Motherwell here says, we are glad to find that an attempt has been made to embody the national proverbs of Scotland in a neat and appropriate form. Not that we expect that this code of vulgar philosophy will ever be of much ser-

vice in its printed shape, but simply that to preserve these proverbs is preserving the historical recollection of a capital trait of the national mind, which change of times and change of circumstances are fast tending to obliterate. The Scottish proverbs have, we believe, been allowed to rank higher in pertinence and savour than those of any other nation, excepting perhaps the Spanish, with which every body must be familiar through the medium of *Sancho Panza*. Some how or other, these are productions which the Scottish mind is apt to produce in a high state of perfection, on account of its saving knowledge, its acquaintance with the grief of poverty, and its disposition to issue out sarcasms at every kind of absurdity in personal conduct. Hence it would appear, that for nearly three hundred years past, educated men have not thought it beneath them to collect these fragments of wisdom. The first collection understood to have been made is one ascribed to the celebrated Archbishop Beaton, now lost. The second was compiled in the reign of James VI., by Mr David Ferguson, minister of Dunfermline. In the early part of the last century, collections were published by James Kelly, A.M., and Allan Ramsay, the eminent poet. To such a degree, moreover, was this national inheritance appreciated by the people at large, that it used to be a common diversion in the family circle, or in collections of young people, even within our own brief recollection, to have what was called a spell at the Scots Proverbs—that is to say, every person in the company pronounced one in succession, round and round; and the first individual who failed to be able to do so in proper time was liable to some little forfeit. Now that the schoolmaster is abroad to such good purposes throughout the land, our good old proverbs are a kind of dead letter, or only survive in the memories of very homely persons. Yet as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, they are decidedly worth preserving; and we are, therefore, obliged to Mr Henderson for the very full collection which he has been at the pains to lay before the public. He has enhanced its value by classifying the different kinds alphabetically under certain heads, which are in their turn placed in alphabetical order; and, as already alluded to, the work is enriched with an introduction, written by Mr Motherwell, a gentleman of extensive and accurate acquaintance with Scottish antiquities. All that we could have farther wished is, that the work had been sprinkled with notes, which, we think, would have not only cleared up many meanings now apt to be obscure, but would have done the still better service of enlivening the pages.

Mr Motherwell's introduction is chiefly devoted to an account of the former collections of Scottish Proverbs, with some remarks on proverbs in general; and, altogether, it is a very pleasant essay. He gives the following droll anecdote, as a proof of what good proverbs may sometimes do:—

"An intimate friend of our own, a gentleman of some eccentricity of character, was at one period of his life a very assiduous collector of proverbs. He piqued himself not a little upon his store of proverbial colloquialisms, and, in all argumentative matters, was sure to silence his opponents by fairly pouring into them a broadside of proverbs, great and small, light and heavy, pat or unpat, no matter which, if he only kept up a raking fire of this sort of verbal shot. At the time we speak of, it was his custom to note down every proverb which he might overhear in the course of conversation, on slips of paper, from which he transferred them to his *magnum opus*, when leisure occurred. In this way, there seldom was a card, letter, or scrap of paper on his person but was literally groaning with 'rusty sayed saves' and proverbial rhymes. No bee could be busier in sucking from every flower its pith and flavour, than our collector was in registering upon his syllable leaves the fruits of every day's quest after these insulated morsels of wit and wisdom."

"On one occasion, he had been invited to a large party at a friend's house, where there happened to be not a few strangers present. Our friend, fortunately, we think, as the sequel will show, had forgotten to disgorge his pockets of their multifarious contents. Well, the good things disappeared, and the wine followed, and, with every bottle, the conversation assumed a more lively character. Howsome misundertanding with our collector and another gentleman at the table arose, we cannot well explain, but certainly their words waxed high, and to such a degree was their dispute carried, that an abrupt termination was put to the festivities of the evening by the man of proverbs handing over his card to the stranger. Nothing, of course, was spoken of by the grave part of the company but this disagreeable quarrel, and the still more disagreeable results to which next morning's dawn must unavoidably give rise."

"Next morning came, and the gentleman began to bestir himself, as, according to the rules of honour, he must do, when there is a personal injury to be avenged. With the man of proverbs he was deeply enraged, and to refresh his memory as to name and address, he had recourse to the card put into his hands over night. He looked first at one side, then at the other, but name or place on neither could be found; but, in place of that, there was traced, in good legible characters—'NAETHING SHOULD BE DONE IN A HURRY, BUT CATCHING FLEAS.' The effect of this was irresistible. Mr —— fell into an uncontrol-

* This lake has been well delineated and described in a work on the Highlands and Islands, publishing parts at Perth.

ble fit of laughter, and, with very altered feelings from those with which he left his couch, immediately called upon a mutual friend, where such explanations were given as to the quarrel of the evening before, that a hostile meeting was in a moment quashed. Had it not been, however, for this fortunate incident of proverb gathering, there is no saying how matters would have ended. We, knowing all the circumstances, are entitled to say that but for this excellent aphorism, one or two valuable lives might have been sacrificed to notions of false honour."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES BRUCE

I HAVE now to introduce to the notice of my young readers the life of the most eminent traveller whom Britain ever sent forth to discover the products and peculiarities of unknown regions of the globe, yet one who received less need of praise for his extraordinary exertions than almost any other, and who has therefore double claims on the gratitude and sympathy of the present generation. James Bruce, the celebrated discoverer of the source of the Nile, was born on the 14th of December 1730, at Kinnaird, in the county of Stirling. Bruce was by birth a gentleman, being the eldest son of David Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird, who was in turn the son of David Hay of Woodcockdale, in Linlithgowshire (descended from an old and respectable branch of the Hays of Errol), and of Helen Bruce, the heiress of Kinnaird, who traced her pedigree to that noble Norman family, which, in the fourteenth century, gave a king to Scotland. Unfortunately the traveller lost his mother at the early age of three years—almost the only worldly loss which cannot be fully compensated. His father marrying a second time, had an additional family of six sons and two daughters. In his earliest years, instead of the robust frame and bold disposition which he possessed in manhood, he was of weakly health and gentle temperament. At the age of eight years, a desire of giving his heir-apparent the best possible education induced his father to send him to London, to be placed under the friendly care of his uncle, Counsellor Hamilton. In that agreeable situation he spent the years between eight and twelve, when he was transferred to the public school at Harrow, then conducted by Dr Cox. Here he won the esteem of his instructors, as well as of many other individuals, by the extraordinary aptitude with which he acquired a knowledge of classic literature, and the singularly sweet and amiable disposition which he always manifested. At first he contemplated the profession of a clergyman, but this he abandoned for something of a bolder character. In the year 1747 he began to study law at Edinburgh; this, however, not being found congenial to his mind, he resolved on proceeding to India, to settle as a free trader. Whilst waiting in London for permission of the East India Directors, he was introduced to Adriana Allan, the beautiful and most amiable daughter of a wealthy wine merchant, deceased. This lady he married, and at the same time he was received as a partner in her late father's establishment. Most unfortunately the health of his wife soon declined, and she died while on a journey towards the south of France. By this event Bruce's attention was directed to the study of foreign languages, with a view to trading. About the year 1761 Bruce formed an acquaintance with Mr Pitt (the elder), then at the head of affairs, to whom he proposed a scheme of making a descent upon Spain, against which country Britain was expected to declare war. Though this project came to nothing, Lord Halifax had marked the enterprising genius of this Scottish gentleman, and proposed to him to signalize the commencement of the new reign by making discoveries in Africa. It was not part of this proposal that he should attempt to reach the source of the Nile. That prodigious exploit, which had baffled the genius of the civilized world for thousands of years, seemed to Lord Halifax to be reserved for some more experienced person; his Lordship now only spoke of discoveries on the coast of Barbary, which had then been surveyed, and that imperfectly, by only one British traveller, Dr Shaw. For this end Bruce was appointed to be consul at Algiers. In an interview with George III., with which he was honoured before setting out, his Majesty requested him to take drawings of the ruins of ancient architecture which he should discover in the course of his travels. It having been provided that he should spend some time by the way in Italy, he set out for that country in June 1762. He visited Rome, Naples, and Florence, and fitted himself, by surveying the works of ancient art, for the observations he was to make upon kindred objects in Africa. Here he formed an acquaintance with a native of Bologna, name Luigi Balugani, whom he engaged to attend him in his travels, in the capacity of an artist. He at length sailed from Leghorn to Algiers, which he reached in March 1763. Ali Pacha, who then acted as Dey in this barbarous state, was a savage character, not unlike the celebrated personage of the same name, whom Lord Byron introduced to European notice. An injudicious yielding to his will, on the part of the English government, who changed a consul at his request, had just given an additional shade of insolence and temerity to his character; and he expected to tyrannize over Bruce as over one of his own officers. The intrepidity of the new consul, it may be imagined, was, under such circumstances, called into frequent action. He several times bearded this lion in his very den, always apparently indebted for his safety to the very audacity which might have been expected to provoke his ruin.

After having traversed the whole of the Barbary States, and taken drawings of every antiquity which he esteemed worthy of notice, he moved further west to Tripoli, where he was received with great kindness by Mr Fraser of Lovat, British consul at that place. From Tripoli he dispatched the greater part of his drawings to Germany, by which precaution they were saved from

the destruction which must have otherwise been their fate. Crossing the Gulf of Sidra, which makes a considerable sweep into the northern coast of Africa, Bruce now reached Bengazi, the ancient Berenice, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus. From this place he travelled to Ptolemaia, where, finding the plague raging, he was obliged to embark hastily in a Greek vessel, which he hired to carry him to Crete. This was perhaps the most unlucky step he took during the whole of his career. The vessel was not properly provided with ballast; the sails defied the management of the ignorant man who professed to steer it; it had not therefore got far from shore when a storm drove it to leeward, and it struck upon a rock near the harbour of Bengazi. Bruce took to the boat, along with a great number of the other passengers; but finding that it could not survive, and fearing lest he should be overwhelmed by a multitude of drowning wretches, he saw it necessary to commit himself at once to the sea, and endeavour to swim ashore. In this attempt, after suffering much from the violence of the surf, he was at last successful. He had only, however, become exposed to greater dangers. A plundering party of Arabs came to make prey of the wrecked vessel, and his Turkish clothing excited their worst feelings. After much suffering he got back to Bengazi, but with the loss of all his baggage, including many valuable instruments and drawings. Fortunately the master of a French sloop, to whom he had rendered a kindness at Algiers, happened to be lying in that port. Through the grateful service of this person he was carried to Crete. An ague, however, had fixed itself upon his constitution, in consequence of his exertions in the sea of Ptolemaia: it attacked him violently in Crete, and he lay for some days dangerously ill. On recovering a little, he proceeded to Rhodes, and from thence to Asia Minor, where he inspected the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra. By the time he got back to Sidon, he found that his letters to Europe, announcing the loss of his instruments, were answered by the transmission of a new set, including a quadrant from Louis XV., who had been told by Count Buffon of the unhappy affair of Bengazi. In June 1763 he sailed from Sidon to Alexandria, resolved no longer to delay that perilous expedition which had taken possession of his fancy. "Previous to his first introduction to the waters of the Nile," says his biographer, Captain Head, "it may not be improper, for a moment, calmly and dispassionately to consider how far he was qualified for the attempt which he was about to undertake. Being thirty-eight years of age, he was at that period of life in which both the mind and body of man are capable of their greatest possible exertions. During his travels and residence in Europe, Africa, and Asia, he had become practically acquainted with the religion, manners, and prejudices of many countries different from his own; and he had learned to speak the French, Italian, Spanish, Modern Greek, Moorish, and Arabic languages. Full of enterprise, enthusiastically devoted to the object he had in view, accustomed to hardship, inured to climate as well as to fatigue, he was a man of undoubted courage, in *statu* six feet four, and with this imposing appearance, possessing great personal strength; and lastly, in every proper sense of the word, he was a gentleman; and no man about to travel can give to his country a better pledge for veracity than when, like Bruce, his mind is ever retrospectively viewing the noble conduct of his ancestors—thus showing that he considers he has a stake in society, by which, by the meanness of falsehood or exaggeration, he would be unable to transmit unsullied to posterity." From Alexandria he proceeded to Cairo, where he was received with distinction by the Bey, under the character of a dervish or soothsayer, which his acquaintance with eastern manners enabled him to assume with great success.

Receiving introductory letters, he commenced his voyage up the Nile, December 12, 1768, in a large boat, which was to carry him to Furshoot, the residence of Amner, the Sheikh of Upper Egypt. For two or three weeks he enjoyed the pleasure of coasting at ease and in safety along the wonder-studded banks of this splendid river, only going on shore occasionally to give the more remarkable objects a narrower inspection. He was at Furshoot on the 7th of January 1769. Advancing hence to Sheikh Amner, the encampment of a tribe of Arabs, whose dominion extended almost to the coast of the Red Sea, he was fortunate enough to acquire the friendship of the Sheikh, or head of the race, by curing him of a dangerous disorder. This secured him the means of prosecuting his journey in a peaceful manner. Under the protection of this tribe, he soon reached Cosseir, a fort on the Red Sea, having previously, however, sent all his journals and drawings, hitherto completed, to the care of some friends at Cairo. Bruce sailed from Cosseir on the 5th of April, and for several months he employed himself in making geographical observations upon the coasts of this important sea. On the 19th of September, after having for the first time determined the latitude and longitude of many places, which have since been found wonderfully correct, he landed at Massuah, the port of Abyssinia. Here he encountered great danger and difficulty, from the savage character of the Naybe, or governor of Massuah, who, not regarding the letters carried by Bruce from the Bey of Cairo, had very nearly taken his life. By the kindness of Achmet, a nephew of the Naybe, whom Bruce rescued from a deadly sickness, he was enabled to surmount the obstacles presented against him in this place, and on the 15th November began to penetrate the country of Abyssinia. In crossing the hill of Tarenta, a mountainous ridge which skirts the shore, the traveller encountered hardships under which any ordinary spirit would have sunk. Advancing by Dixan, Adow, and Axum, he found himself greatly indebted for safety and accommodation to the letters which he carried for the Greeks. Through the influence of the rude Christianity which prevails in Abyssinia, and which was originally infused by natives of Greece in the third century, this race of people have a firm footing and great influence in the country, forming, in fact, the most civilized class. Bruce, therefore, could

not have been more fortunate than in possessing the means of claiming their protection. It was in the neighbourhood of Axum that he saw the unfortunate sight (the slicing of steaks from the rump of a live cow) which was the chief cause of his being afterwards generally discredited in his own country. The journey between Axum and Gondar was one, like all the rest, full of perils; yet, by dint of his amazing promptitude in meeting each particular danger in its own particular way—a constantly alternating exhibition of courage and cunning—he surmounted them all. On the 14th of February, after a journey of ninety-five days from Massuah, he reached Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, a town containing about ten thousand families. The king and his chief minister Ras Michael, to both of whom Bruce had letters of introduction, were now absent with the army, putting down a rebellion which had been raised by Fasil, a turbulent governor of a province. But Bruce was favourably received by one Ayto Aylo, a Greek, and chamberlain of the palace.

It was early in the afternoon of November 3d, that Bruce surmounted a ridge of hills which separated him from the fountain of the Nile, and for the first time cast his European eyes upon that object—the first, and, we believe, the only European eyes that have ever beheld it. It was pointed out to him by Woldo, his guide, as a hillock of green sod in the middle of a marshy spot at the bottom of the hill on which he was standing. To quote his own account of so remarkable a point of his life—"Half undressed as I was, by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes [a necessary preliminary, to satisfy the Pagan feelings of the people], I ran down the hill, towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour, had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vain glory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return—I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had so rashly woven for myself." In this paragraph—one of the most deeply touching ever written—we find the Herculean mind of Bruce giving way, under the influence of success, to sensations which had scarcely ever affected him during the whole course of his journey, while as yet the desire of going onward, and the necessity of providing the means of doing so with safety, possessed and amused his mind. Nothing could be more characteristic of a great mind. The traveller relates that his despondency continued for some time; and that, as he could not reason it away, he resolved to direct it till he might be able, on more solid reflection, to overcome its progress. Calling to Strates, a faithful Greek who had accompanied him throughout all his Abyssinian travels, he said, "Strates, faithful squire! come and triumph with your Don Quixote at that island of Barataria, to which we have most wisely and fortunately brought ourselves! Come and triumph with me over all the kings of the earth, all their armies, all their philosophers, and all their heroes!" "Sir," says Strates, "I do not understand a word of what you say, and as little of what you mean; you very well know I am no scholar." "Come," said I, "take a draught of this excellent water, and drink with me a health to his Majesty George III., and a long line of princes." "I had in my hand a large cup, made of coco-nut shell, which I procured in Arabia, and which was brimful." [This cup was brought home by Bruce, and his representatives at Kinnaird still use it every day when they entertain company at dinner.] He drank to the king speedily and cheerfully, with the addition of "confusion to his enemies," and tossed up his cap with a loud huzza. He made forty observations as to the exact geographical site of the fountain of the Nile, and found it to be in north latitude $10^{\circ} 59' 28''$, and $36^{\circ} 55' 30''$ east longitude, while its position was supposed from the barometer to be two miles above the level of the sea. Bruce left Geesh upon his return on the 10th of November, and he arrived at Gondar, without any remarkable adventure, on the 17th.

Early in January 1771 he obtained the king's permission, on the plea of his health, to return home, though not without a promise that he would come back when his health was re-established, bringing with him as many of his family as possible, with horses, muskets, and bayonets. Ere he could take advantage of this permission, certain civil wars broke

out, large provinces became disturbed, and Bruce found that, as he had had to take part in the national military operations in order to pave the way for reaching the head of the Nile, so was it now necessary that he should do his best for the suppression of the disturbances, that he might clear his way towards home. During the whole of the year 1771, he was engaged with the army, and he distinguished himself so highly as a warrior, that the king presented him with a massive gold chain, consisting of one hundred and eighty-four links, each of them weighing 3 and 1/12 dwt. It was not till the 26th of December, thirteen months after his return from the source of the Nile, that he set out on his way towards Europe. He was accompanied by three Greeks, an old Turkish Janissary, a captain, and some common muleteers; the Italian artist Balugani having died at Gondar. On account of the dangers which he had experienced at Massah from the barbarous Nayhe, he had resolved to return through the great deserts of Nubia into Egypt, a track by which he could trace the Nile in the greater part of its course.

The sufferings undergone by Bruce in his return, were very great. In one place he says, "our situation was one of the most desperate that could be figured. We were in the midst of the most barren, inhospitable desert in the world, and it was with the utmost difficulty that from day to day we could carry where-withal to assuage our thirst. We had with us the only bread it was possible to procure for some hundreds of miles; lances and swords were not necessary to destroy us. The bursting or tearing of a giraffe, the lameness or death of a camel, a thorn or sprain in the foot, which might disable us from walking, were as certain death to us as a shot from a cannon. There was no staying for one another; to lose time was to die, because, with the utmost exertion our camels could make, we scarce could carry along with us a scanty provision of bread and water sufficient to keep us alive." Under the pressure of such distress, the faculties of one poor attendant gave way; he was left to die in his phrenzy upon the sands. To ease the camels, which threatened to give way under the awful trial, the whole party, Bruce included, walked the greater part of the way; and their feet were only large moving ulcers, from which blood and lymph were constantly flowing. At length the exhaustion of the camels compelled Bruce to leave his instruments and papers behind; a necessity almost the most excruciating that could have befallen him, because it threatened to deprive him of the entire glory and use of his discoveries. What, perhaps, gave a still more imminent danger to their situation, the desert was haunted in all its more fertile and frequented places by roving bands of Arabs, who, in the event of meeting them, would have been almost sure to rob and murder them. The escape of Bruce from this danger seemed an absolute miracle, or could only be accounted for by his choosing the track less frequented, and therefore the most difficult and dangerous from other causes. At last on the 29th of December, just as he had given his men the last meal which remained to them, and when all, of course, had given themselves up for lost, they came within hearing of the cataracts of the Nile, and reached the town of Syene or Assouan, where succour in its amplest forms awaited them. Bruce thus describes his sensations on stretching himself at the root of a palm-tree in the outskirts of this blessed city:—"A dulness and insensibility, a universal relaxation of spirits, a kind of palsy or stupor of the mind, had overtaken me, almost to a deprivation of the understanding. I found in myself a kind of stupidity, and a want of power to reflect upon what had passed. I seemed to be as if awakened from a dream, when the senses are yet half asleep, and we only begin to doubt whether what was before passed in thought is real or not. The dangers that I was just now delivered from made an impression upon my mind; and what more and more convinces me I was for a time not in my perfect senses, is, I found in myself a hard-heartedness, without the least inclination to be thankful for that signal deliverance which I had just now experienced." Twelve dreadful weeks Bruce had spent upon the desert; his journey from the capital of Abyssinia to this point had altogether occupied eleven months. It was now exactly four years since he had left civilized society at Cairo; during all which time he had conversed only with barbarous tribes of people, from whose passions no man possessed of less varied accomplishment, less daring, and less address, could have possibly escaped. After refreshing himself for a few days at Assouan, he took camels, and rode back forty miles into the desert, where he had the felicity to find his instruments and papers exactly as he had left them. He then sailed down the Nile to Cairo, which he reached on the 10th of January 1773, and he easily obtained a passage to Europe. Arriving at Marseilles in March, he was immediately visited and congratulated by a number of the French *seigneurs*, at the head of whom was his former friend, Count de Buffon. In the summer of 1774, he returned to England, from which he had now been absent twelve years. His fame having gone before him, he was received with the highest distinction. He was introduced at Court, where he presented to George III. those drawings of Palmyra, Baalbec, and the African cities, which his Majesty had requested him to execute before his departure from the country. The triumphs of this great man—decidedly the greatest traveller that

ever lived—were, however, soon dashed and embittered by the mean conduct of a people and age altogether unworthy of him. Bruce, wherever he went, was required to speak of what he had seen and suffered in the course of his travels. He related anecdotes of the Abyssinian and Nubian tribes, and gave descriptions of localities and natural objects, which certainly appeared wonderful to a civilized people, though only because they were novel; he related nothing either morally or physically impossible. Unfortunately, however, the licence of travellers was as proverbial in Britain as elsewhere. It was also a prevailing custom at that time in private life to exert the imagination in telling wonderful, but plausible tales, as one of the amusements of the table. There was furthermore a race of travellers who had never been able to penetrate into any very strange country, and who, therefore, pined beneath the glories of a brother who had discovered the source of the Nile. For all these reasons, the stories of Bruce were at the very first set down for imaginary tales, furnished forth by his own fancy. This view of the case was warmly taken up by a *clique* of literary men, who, without science themselves, and unchecked by science in others, then swayed the public mind. This is a dreadful imputation upon the age of George III., but we fear that the cold and narrow poverty of its literature, and the almost non-existence of its science, would make any less indignant account of its treatment of Bruce unjust. Even the country gentlemen in Scotland, who, while he was carving out a glorious name for himself, and providing additional honour for his country, by the most extraordinary and magnanimous exertions, were sunk in the low softness of the period, or at most performed respectably the humble duties of surveying the roads and convicting the poachers of their own little districts, could sneer at the "lies" of Bruce. His mind shrank from the meanness of his fellows; and he retired, indignant and disappointed, to Kinnaird, where for some time he busied himself in rebuilding his house, and arranging the concerns of his estate, which had become confused during his long absence. In March 1776 he provided additional means of happiness and repose, by marrying, for his second wife, Mary Dundas, daughter of Thomas Dundas, Esq. of Fingask, and of Lady Janet Maitland, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

For nine years, Bruce enjoyed too much domestic happiness to admit of his making a rapid progress in the preparation of his journals for the press. But after the death of his wife in 1785, he applied to this task with more eagerness, as a means of diverting his melancholy. The work appeared in 1790, seventeen years after his return to Europe. It consisted of five large quarto volumes, besides a volume of drawings, and was entitled, "Travels to discover the Sources of the Nile, in the years 1760, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773, by James Bruce, of Kinnaird, Esq., F.R.S." It was dedicated to the king; and it is but justice to the memory of that sovereign to state, that, while society in general raised against it the cry of envy, jealousy, and ignorant incredulity, his Majesty stood boldly up in its favour, and contended that it was a very great work. The work of Bruce was bought up by the public at its very first appearance; it required the whole of the *impression* to satisfy the first burst of public curiosity. It was in the same year translated into German and French. While the most eminent literary characters of the age honoured it with a liberal and almost unqualified approbation, the myriad of little periodical critics attacked it with a buzzing and stinging virulence, after a manner of a cloud of gnats pursuing the course of a noble steed. By this class of persons, and by the public at large, it was the subject of almost unmingled ridicule. Hardly a single trait of manners which it described escaped the stigma of falsehood from these enlightened critics, the incredulity being exactly in the ratio of the departure of Abyssinian customs from the English—as if it were to have been expected that a remote and secluded African nation was to live exactly after the artificial manner of a cultivated people in the north of Europe. Of all the stories, that of steaks cut from the live cow was honoured with the greatest share of ridicule and incredulity—though we might contend that the practice could be more obviously necessary for human sustenance in wandering over a desert country. To escape from a painful subject, we may only mention, that, though no man has since been able to penetrate the countries explored by Bruce, his statements have been more or less confirmed by all succeeding travellers who have come near or touched upon his track—namely, Salt, Coffin, Pearce, Burckhardt, Brown, Clarke, Whittman, and Belzoni. The greatness of Bruce, therefore, is now in the course of being acknowledged to its proper extent, though, perhaps, it is scarcely to be hoped that his character will ever shake off altogether the stains of contemporary malignity and ignorance, while, alas, the grieved spirit has long fled beyond the reach of compensatory veneration. Bruce, during the few remaining years of his life, treated the contemptuous world with contempt in return, and never once deigned to reply to any of his critics. He opened his heart only to his daughter, to whom he sometimes said that he hoped she would live to see the time when the truth of all he had written would be confirmed by subsequent observation.

Little now remains to be told. On the evening of

the 27th of April 1794, after he had entertained a large party at dinner, he was hurrying to escort an old lady down stairs to her carriage, when his foot—that foot which had carried him through so many dangers—slipped upon the steps; he tumbled down the stair, pitched upon his head, and was taken up speechless, with several of his fingers broken. Notwithstanding every effort to restore the machinery of existence, he expired that night. It may well afford a lesson as to the uncertainty of life, that he who had braved more real dangers than the most of his contemporaries, should have broken down and perished in one of the most simple and familiar of domestic duties—that he should have been reserved from the perils of Abyssinia, Nubia, and the Desert, to die from a false step in a staircase at home. He was buried, a few days after, in the church-yard of his native parish of Larbert, where a monument indicates his last resting-place.—*Abridged from R. Chambers's Scottish Biographical Dictionary.*

WIDOW OF BURNS.

An English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some *relic* of the bard, as he called it; that is, some scrap of his handwriting, or any other little object which could be considered a memorial of the deceased. Mrs Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away every thing of that kind that was remarkable, or that she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relic to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs Burns declared her inability to satisfy him; at length, pushed by his good-humoured entreaties to very extremity, she as good-humouredly said, "Well, sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other *relic* (relic) of him that it is in my power to give, or yours to receive." Of course this closed the argument.

THE FAIR ONE WHOM I MEAN.

From the German of Burger.

By WILLIAM TENNANT, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair."

O, in what pomp of love serene,
Smiles she, the fair one whom I mean!
Tell it, my pious mouth, to earth;
Whose wonder-working hand shines forth?
Whereby in pomp of love serene,
She smiles, the fair one whom I mean!
Who has illum'd and kindled bright,
Like Paradise, her eyes' blue light?
Ev'n He whose power o'er sea and land
Heaven's blue bright bending arch hath spann'd;
He hath illum'd and kindled bright,
Like Paradise, her eyes' blue light!
Who with such master-skill hath spread
Sweet o'er her cheek life's white and red?
He, who to the almond's blossom lent
Its beauteous tincture dew-bespent:
He with such master-skill hath spread
Sweet o'er her cheek life's white and red!
Who formed her purple mouth so fair,
So rich with sweetness living there?
He, who with lusciousness so mild,
Fills the red cherry, July's child;
He made her purple mouth so fair,
So rich with sweetness living there!
Who made her silken tresses flow,
All waving round her neck of snow?
He, whose sweet west-wind o'er the plain
Rocks the glad stalks of golden grain;
He bade her silken tresses flow,
All waving round her neck of snow.
Who touch'd, for heavenly speech or song,
Her voice with rapture all day long?
He, who did lend the lark his note,
And Philomel her tuneful throat;
He touch'd, for heavenly speech or song,
Her voice with rapture all day long!
Who hath so arch'd her beauteous breast,
Where pleasure has his golden rest?
He, that the swan's white bosom fair
Curves out with plumage rich and rare,
He hath so arch'd that beauteous breast,
Where pleasure has his golden rest!
What artist framed, in high design,
Her waist so delicate, so fine?
He, from whose perfect mind beam'd forth,
Beauty's each form in heaven and earth;
That mighty artist did design
Her waist so delicate and fine!
Who breath'd into her form, a mind
So pure, angelical, and kind?
He, that the angels made on high,
These holy children of the sky;
He breath'd into her form, a mind
So pure, angelical, and kind!
O! praise, Great Maker, to thine art!
And thanks, warm bursting from my heart!
That beauty's type enchant me so,
Crown'd with each grace thy world can show;
O! praise, Great Maker, to thine art!
And thanks, warm bursting from my heart!
But ah! for whom on earth below
Smiles she, stirred in beauty so?
O God! might I have never been born,
Never seen thy blissful light of morn,
If not for me, in beauty so,
Smiles she, that fair one whom I know!

—Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Column for the Mercantile Classes.

MACCULLOCH'S WORK ON COMMERCE.

THE genius which could contrive, and the perseverance which could carry through and complete, a work of such magnitude and comprehensiveness of detail, as the *Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce, and Commercial Navigation*, must certainly be of no ordinary nature. It is so seldom that we find men of letters in the present day writing works of a useful and enduring nature, that we feel disposed to give the author, J. R. McCulloch, a greater share of credit for his valuable production, than might otherwise have been the case. This is a work which recommends itself to the notice of every British, every American, and every Continental merchant; and it may well be allowed that no counting-house can be perfect till it owns a copy. Let the reader think of a huge octavo volume, consisting of between eleven and twelve hundred pages of closely printed matter, a great part of it in the shape of tables of figures; and then calculate the labour incurred in the collection of so vast a mass of materials on all manner of mercantile topics.

Many of the subjects in the Dictionary are treated at considerable length, and they are everywhere vouched by references to, and quotations from, acts of Parliament, tariffs, and other authorities. The chief articles appear to be—*Bank of England—Banks—Canals—Coal—Coffee—Colonies, and Colony Trade—Commerce—Corn Trade—Cotton—East India Company—Exchange—Exports and Imports—Insurances—Interest and Annuities—Navigation Laws—New York—Ships—Silk—Sugar—Tariff—Tea—Treaties—Warehousing System—Whale Fishery, and Wine.* In treating of these and most other subjects, there appears no species of partiality in dealing out plain correct statements; though, as might have been expected, the author does not fail to enlarge occasionally on those principles of political economy, for an adherence to which he has already gained some notoriety, and which might have been as well spared in a work of this description. The following succinct historical and statistical summary of foreign and British canals, though in an abridged form, will give an idea how the details are introduced. (The authorities referred to by the author need not be noticed in a work like the present.)

"The comparative cheapness and facility with which goods may be conveyed by the sea, or by means of navigable rivers, seems to have suggested, at a very early period, the formation of canals. The best authenticated accounts of ancient Egypt represent that country as intersected by canals, conveying the waters of the Nile to the more distant parts of the country, partly for the purpose of irrigation, and partly for that of internal navigation. The efforts made by the old Egyptian monarchs, and by the Ptolemies, to construct a canal between the Red Sea and the Nile, are well known, and evince the high sense which they entertained of the importance of this species of communication.

In China, canals, partly for irrigation and partly for navigation, have existed from a very early period. The most celebrated amongst them is the Imperial, or Grand Canal, forming a communication between Pekin and Canton, being about 1660 miles long. The locks are constructed with very little skill, and as the vessels are generally dragged by men, the navigation is extremely slow. The canals are mostly faced with stone, and the bridges across them are said to be very ingeniously constructed.

The Italians were the first people in modern Europe that attempted to plan and execute canals. They were principally, however, undertaken for the purpose of irrigation; and the works of this sort, executed in the Milanese and other parts of Lombardy, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, are still regarded as models, and excite the warm admiration of every one capable of appreciating them. In 1271, the Navile Grande, or canal leading from Milan to Abbiate Grasso and the Tesino, was rendered navigable.

No country in Europe contains, in proportion to its size, so many navigable canals as the Netherlands, and particularly the province of Holland. The construction of these canals commenced as early as the twelfth century, when, owing to its central and convenient situation, Flanders began to be the *entrepot* of the commerce between the north and the south of Europe. Their number has since been astonishingly increased. 'Holland,' says Mr Phillips, in his *History of Inland Navigation*, 'is intersected with innumerable canals. They may be compared in breadth and size to our public roads and highways; and as the latter with us are continually full of coaches, chaises, waggons, carts, and horsemen, going from and to the different cities, towns, and villages, so, on the former, the Hollanders in their boats and pleasure barges, their trekschuyts and vessels of burden, are continually journeying and carrying commodities for consumption or exportation from the interior of the country to the great cities and rivers. An inhabitant of Rotterdam may, by means of these canals, breakfast at Delft or the Hague, dine at Leyden, and sup at Amsterdam, or return home again before night. By them also, a most prodigious inland trade is carried on between Holland and every part of France, Flanders, and Germany. When the canals are frozen over, they travel on them with skates, and perform long journeys in a very short time; while heavy burdens are conveyed in carts and sledges, which are then as much used on the canals as on our streets. The yearly profits produced by these canals are almost beyond belief; but it is certain, and has been proved, that they amount to more than £250,000 for about forty miles of inland navigation, which is £625 per mile, the square surface of which mile does not exceed two acres of ground—a profit so amazing, that it is no wonder other nations should imitate what has been found so advantageous. The canals of Holland are generally sixty feet wide, and six deep, and are carefully kept clean; the mud, as manure, is very profitable; the canals are generally levels; of course,

locks are not wanted. From Rotterdam to Delft, the Hague, and Leyden, the canal is quite level, but is sometimes affected by strong winds. For the most part, the canals are elevated above the fields or the country, to enable them to carry off the water, which in winter inundates the land. To drain the water from Delft land, a province not more than sixty miles long, they employ 200 windmills in spring time to raise it into the canals. All the canals of Holland are bordered with dams or banks of immense thickness, and on these depends the security of the country from inundation; of course, it is of great moment to keep them in the best repair—to effect which, there is a kind of militia, and in every village is a magazine of proper stores and men, whose business it is to carry stones and rubbish to any damaged place. When a certain bell rings, or the waters are at a fixed height, every man retires to his post. To every house or family there is assigned a certain part of the bank, in the repair of which they are to assist. When a breach is apprehended, they cover the banks all over with cloth and stones.'

The first canal executed in France was that of Briare, to form a communication between the Seine and the Loire, commenced in the reign of Henry IV, and completed in that of his successor, Louis XIII. The canal of Orleans, which joins the above, was commenced in 1675. But the most stupendous undertaking of this sort that has been executed in France, or indeed on the Continent, is the canal of Languedoc. It was projected under Francis I, but was begun and completed in the reign of Louis XIV. It reaches from Narboone to Toulouse, and was intended to form a safe and speedy means of communication between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean. It is sixty-four French leagues long, and six feet deep; and has in all 114 locks and sluices. In its highest part it is 600 feet above the level of the sea. In some places it is conveyed by bridges of great length and strength over large rivers. It cost upwards of £1,000,000, and reflects infinite credit on the engineer, Riquet, by whom it was planned and executed. But this splendid and successful effort has not been so much followed as might have been expected, and France is still inadequately furnished with canals. This effect is produced chiefly by the interference of the government with private speculation, and the idle official formalities to be attended to.

Owing partly to the late rise of extensive manufactures and commerce in Great Britain, but more, perhaps, to the insular situation of the country, no part of which is very distant from the sea, or from a navigable river, no attempt was made in England to construct canals till a comparatively recent period. The efforts of those who first began to improve the means of internal navigation were limited to attempts to deepen the beds of rivers, and to render them better fitted for the conveyance of vessels. The difficulties in the way of river navigation suggested the expediency of abandoning the channels of rivers, and of digging parallel to them artificial canals. The act passed by the legislature in 1755, for improving the navigation of Sankey Brook on the Mersey, gave rise to a lateral canal of this description; but before this canal was completed, the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater, and his equally celebrated engineer, the self-instructed James Brindley, had conceived a plan of canalisation, independent altogether of natural channels, and intended to afford the greatest facilities to commerce, by carrying canals across rivers and through mountains, wherever it was practicable to construct them.

The Duke was proprietor of a large estate at Worsley, seven miles from Manchester, in which were some very rich coal-mines, that had hitherto been in a great measure useless, owing to the cost of carrying coal to market. Being desirous of turning his mines to some account, it occurred to his Grace that his purpose would be best accomplished by cutting a canal from Worsley to Manchester. Mr Brindley having been consulted, declared that the scheme was practicable; and, an act having been obtained, the work was immediately commenced. After an extraordinary exertion of mechanical skill, and overcoming serious difficulties, the canal was at length completed, including a branch betwixt the Mersey and Manchester. 'When the Duke of Bridgewater,' says Dr Aikin, 'undertook this great design, the price of carriage on the river navigation was 12s. the ton from Manchester to Liverpool, while that of land carriage was 40s. the ton. The Duke's charge on his canal was limited by statute to six shillings, and, together with this vast superiority in cheapness, it had all the speed and regularity of land carriage. The articles conveyed by it were likewise much more numerous than those of the river navigation; besides manufactured goods and their raw materials, coals from the Duke's own pits were deposited in yards at various parts of the canal for the supply of Cheshire; lime, manure, and building materials were carried from place to place; and the markets of Manchester obtained a supply of provisions from districts too remote for the ordinary land conveyances. The example of the intrepid conduct of the Duke of Bridgewater, in setting these canals on foot, entitles his memory to much respect. He expended a princely fortune in the prosecution of his great designs, and, to increase his resources, restricted his own personal expenses to £400 a-year. He died at the early age of fifty-six, having shortened his life by the toils and anxiety of mind inseparable from such great enterprises. But his projects have been productive of great wealth to his successors, and have promoted, in no ordinary degree, the wealth and prosperity of his country.'

The success that attended the Duke of Bridgewater's canals stimulated public spirited individuals in other districts to undertake similar works. Mr Brindley had early formed the magnificent scheme of joining the great ports of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull, by a system of internal navigation; and though he died in 1772, like his patron, at the early age of 56, he had the satisfaction of seeing his grand project in a fair way of being realised. The Trent and Mersey, or, as it has been

more commonly termed, the *Grand Trunk canal*, 46 miles in length, was begun in 1766, and completed in 1777. It stretches from near Runcorn on the Mersey, where it communicates with the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, to Newcastle-under-Lyme; thence southwards to near Tichfield; and then north-westerly till it joins the Trent at Wilden Ferry, at the north-western extremity of Leicestershire. A water communication between Hull and Liverpool was thus completed; and by means of the Staffordshire and Worcestershire canal, which joins the Grand Trunk near Haywood in the former, and the Severn near Stourport in the latter, the same means of communication was extended to Bristol. During the time that the Grand Trunk was being made, a canal was undertaken from Liverpool to Leeds, 130 miles in length; another from Birmingham to the Staffordshire and Worcestershire canal, joining it near Wolverhampton; and one from Birmingham to Fazeley, and thence to Coventry. By canals subsequently undertaken, a communication was formed between the Grand Trunk canal, and Oxford, and consequently with London, completing Brindley's magnificent scheme. In 1792 the Grand Junction canal was begun, which was in a pretty straight line from Brentford on the Thames, a little above the metropolis, to Braunston in Northamptonshire, where it unites with the Oxford and other central canals. There is also a direct water communication by means of the river Lea navigation, the Cambridge Junction canal, &c. between London and the Wash. In addition to these, an immense number of other canals, some of them of very great magnitude and importance, have been constructed in different parts of the country; so that a command of internal navigation has been obtained, unparalleled in any European country, with the exception of Holland."

Passing over the canals in Scotland, which may be more advantageously noticed in a subsequent original article, and also the Irish canals, which have been almost entire failures, we come to the American canals.

"The United States are justly distinguished by the spirit with which they have undertaken, and the perseverance they have displayed, in executing the most gigantic plans for improving and extending internal navigation. Besides many others, of great, though inferior, magnitude, a canal has been formed connecting the Hudson with Lake Erie. This immense work is 363 miles long, 40 feet wide at the surface, 28 feet wide at the bottom, and four feet deep. The locks, 81 in number, exclusive of guard locks, are 90 feet long and 14 feet wide, the average lift of each being 8*1/2* feet; they are constructed of stone, and finished, like the rest of the canal, in a substantial and handsome manner. The rise and fall along the line is 661 feet. This great work was opened on the 8th of October 1823, but was not finally completed till 1825. It cost nearly £1,800,000 sterling, and was executed at the expense of the state of New York. It has completely answered the view of the projectors, and will remain an example to other states; fully justifying the encumbrance bestowed upon it. Various other canals have been completed in other parts of the Union." A table is added, showing the names of all the English canals, the number and price of their shares, the dividends, &c.

A SCOTCH PROVOST.

The magistrates of the Scottish burghs are generally the least informed, though perhaps respectable men, in their respective communities. And it sometimes happens, in the case of very poor and remote burghs, that persons of a very inferior station alone can be induced to accept the uneasy dignity of the curule chair. An amusing story in point is told regarding the town of L——, in B——shire, which is generally considered as a peculiarly miserable specimen of these privileged townships. An English gentleman approaching L—— one day in a gig, his horse started at a great heap of dry wood and decayed branches of trees, which a very poor-looking old man was accumulating upon the road, apparently with the intention of conveying them to town for sale as firewood. The stranger immediately cried to the old man, desiring him, in no very civil terms, to clear the road, that his horse might pass. The old man, offended at the disrespectful language of the complainant, took no notice of him, but continued to hew away at his trees. "You old dog," the gentleman then exclaimed, "I'll have you brought before the provost, and put into prison for your disregard of the laws of the road." "Gang to the deil man, wi' your provost!" the woodcutter contemptuously replied; "I'm provost myself."

REPROOF FROM THE PULPIT.

The Reverend Mr Shirreff, a most eccentric dissenting clergyman at Kirkaldy, could never endure to set any of his flock attend public worship in clothes that he thought too fine for their station in life. One Sunday afternoon, a young lass, who attended his meeting-house regularly, and was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet of greater magnitude, and more richly decorated, than he thought befitting the wearer. He soon observed it; and, pausing in the middle of his discourse, said, "Leuk, ony o' ye that's near hand there, whether my wife be sleepin' or no, as I canna get a glint o' her for a' that fine falders about Jenny Bean's braw new bonnet."

POLISH JEWS.

The city of Cracow, in Poland, has about forty thousand inhabitants, chiefly Jews, all of whom dress alike, in a black robe, and wear their hair very long. They carry long sticks, and usually wear fur hats, with broad rims. The part called Mount Vistula is inhabited exclusively by them. As you pass the doors, they come out and take you by the hand, imploring you to buy something of them. The women have very long hair, and caps of cloth and fur. The dress of the unmarried is somewhat distinctive, consisting of a red kerchief tied round the head like a turban, the curls falling from beneath.—Webster's *Travels through the Crimea*.

KENTUCKY SPORTS.

It may not be amiss, kind reader, before I attempt to give you some idea of the pleasures experienced by the sportsman of Kentucky, to introduce the subject with a slight description of that State.

Kentucky was formerly attached to Virginia, but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts farther into the recesses of the unexplored forests. Doubtless the richness of its soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, contributed as much to attract the Old Virginians, as the desire so generally experienced in America, of spreading over the uncultivated tracts, and bringing into cultivation lands that have for unknown ages seemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the Redskins was sanguinary and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and indomitable courage of the white men.

This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boon. The richness of its soil, its magnificent forests, its numberless navigable streams, its salt springs and licks, salt-petre caves, its coal strata, and the vast herds of buffaloes and deer that browsed on its hills and amidst its charming valleys, afforded ample inducements to the new settler, who pushed forward with a spirit far above that of the most undaunted tribes which for ages had been the sole possessors of the soil.

The Virginians thronged towards the Ohio. An axe, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for equipment of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new State, assured that, in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants. To have witnessed the industry and perseverance of these emigrants, must at once have proved the vigour of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground. Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts, with their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. Their cattle would often stray amid the rice pasture of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days. To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampments, by the prowling and ruthless Indians; while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed, before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called *Stations*. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoy was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their wagons, their negroes, and their families. Their way was cut through the woods by their own axemen, the day before their advance; and when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guiding their steps as they approached, and the sounds of merriment that saluted their ears assuring them that all was well. The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, soon hung in large and delicious steaks, in front of the embers; the cakes already prepared were deposited in their proper places, and, under the rich drippings of the juicy roasts, were quickly baked. The wagons contained the bedding, and whilst the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth of the woods, some perhaps hopped, but the greater number merely with a light bell hung to their neck, to guide their owners in the morning to the spot where they might have rambled, the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

In anticipation all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous sociality, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and although it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed towards the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio, when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land, for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared *arks* pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current, more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land, by the attacks of the Indians, who watched their motions. Many travellers have described these boats, formerly called *arks*, but now named *flat-boats*. But have they told you, kind read-

er, that in those times a boat thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric; that this boat contained men, women, and children, huddled together, with horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry, for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds? The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, ploughs, carts, wagons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, which themselves lay on the roof. Have they told you that these boats contained the little all of each family of venturesome emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians under night, moved in darkness, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No, kind reader, such things have not been related to you before. The travellers who have visited our country have had other objects in view.

I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of White and Red men, as the former moved down the Ohio; because I have never been very fond of battles, and indeed have always wished that the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add, that, in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the sports still enjoyed in that now happy portion of the United States.

We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To *drive a nail* is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a wild turkey's head, at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will *bark* off squirrels, one after another, until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night *snuffing a candle* at the distance of fifty yards, off-hand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have proved so expert and cool as to make choice of the eye of a fœt at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the sureness of their piece, which has afterwards been fully proved when the enemy's head has been examined!

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sport, I shall present you with the results of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that State.

Several individuals who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleaves the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping* it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it over. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot that comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; but the bending of the nail is, of course, somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each one can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed *Driving the Nail*.

Barking off Squirrels is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels, whilst near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, pale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the *head* (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the *sight*) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise, when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boon kept up his firing, and, before many hours

had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boon, I have seen many other individuals perform the samefeat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of the Green River, not far from a large pigeon-roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifle, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen of tall stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torch-light. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as it intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous huzzahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle, I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. In every thinly peopled portion of the State, it is rare to meet one without a gun of that description, as well as a tomahawk. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wadded with water or saliva, for the bull's eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

After what I have said, you may easily imagine with what ease a Kentuckian procures game, or dispatches an enemy, more especially when I tell you that every one in the State is accustomed to handle the rifle from the time when he is first able to shoulder it until near the close of his career. That murderous weapon is the means of procuring them subsistence during all their wild and extensive rambles, and is the source of their principal sports and pleasures.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography*.

SCOTCH JUDGE.

A judge of the Court of Session, well known for speaking his mother tongue in its broadest accent, as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style, as his Lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words:—"My Lord, the pursuer, my client, is an itinerant violin player." "What's that?" said his Lordship; "is that what ye ca' a blin' fiddler?" "Vulgarily so called," said the lawyer.

MR ABERNETHY.

A lady consulting the late Mr Abernethy on a nervous disorder, entered into a long, frivolous, and fantastic detail of her symptoms. Unsatisfied with being referred to his "book" for instruction respecting the treatment of her complaints, she persisted in endeavouring to extract further information from Mr Abernethy. After suffering her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed to the repeated "May I eat oysters, Doctor? May I eat suppers?" "I'll tell you what, Ma'am; you may eat any thing but the poker and the bellows; for the one is hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind."

INTRODUCTION TO THE BUG FAMILY.

It is generally supposed that the bug was first introduced to this country in the fir-timber which was imported for the purpose of rebuilding London, after the great fire of 1666. It is said that bugs were not known in England before that time; and many of these insects were found almost immediately afterwards in the newly erected edifices. This may probably be true, as in many of the remoter parts of the empire they are unknown to the present day—or at all events extremely rare; and it is pretty well known that they generally attack newly arrived visitors from the country with the greatest severity. The female lays about fifty eggs at a time. These eggs are white, and at first are covered with a viscous matter, which afterwards hardens, and fixes them wherever they are laid. The young bugs come forth in about three weeks. The usual times of laying are in the months of March, May, July, and September. Two hundred young ones may be produced from every female bug that lives through the season. Thus it may be seen what a numerous increase there may be of those disgusting vermin, when proper care is not taken to destroy them.—*Griffith's Translation of Cuvier*.

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